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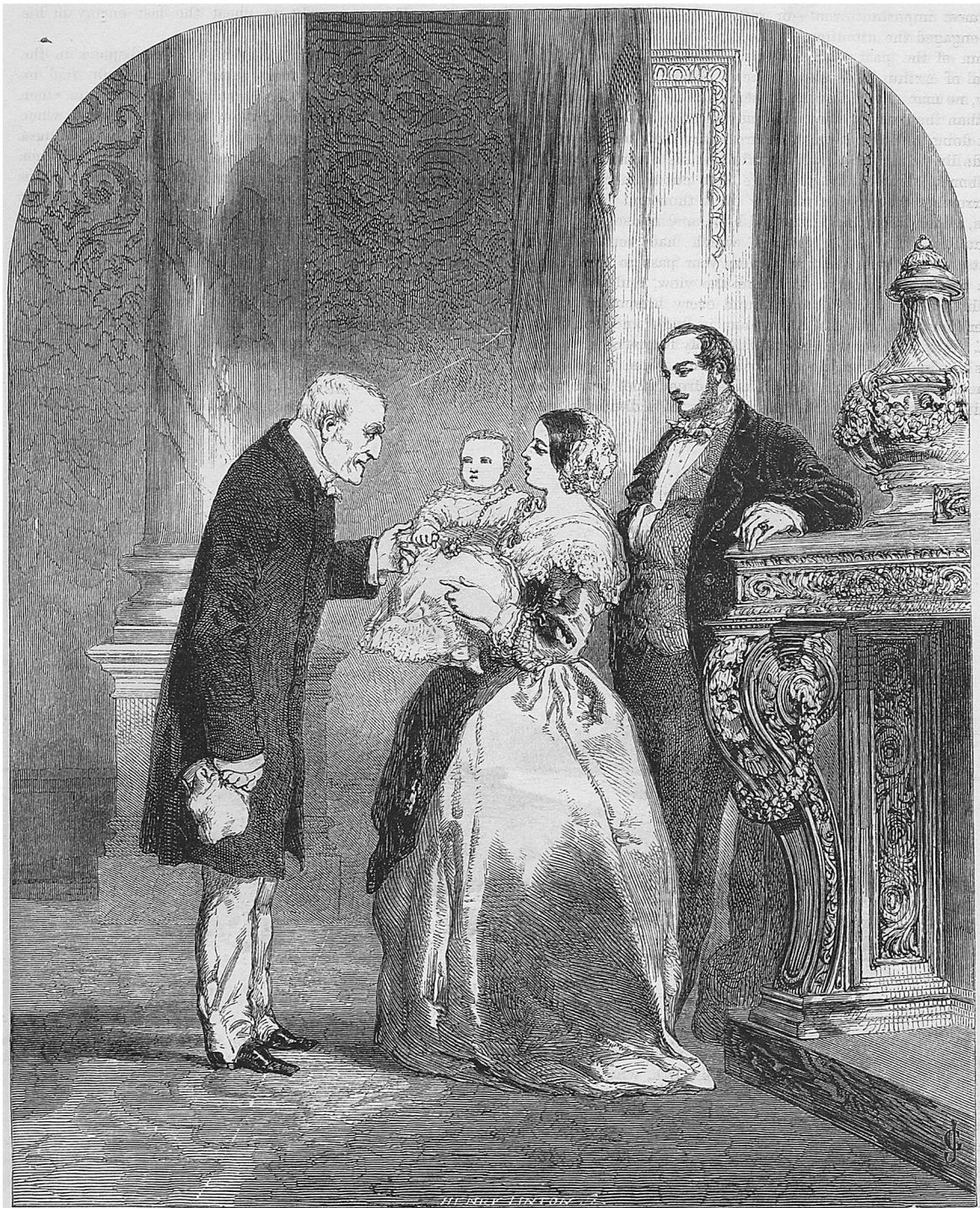
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THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

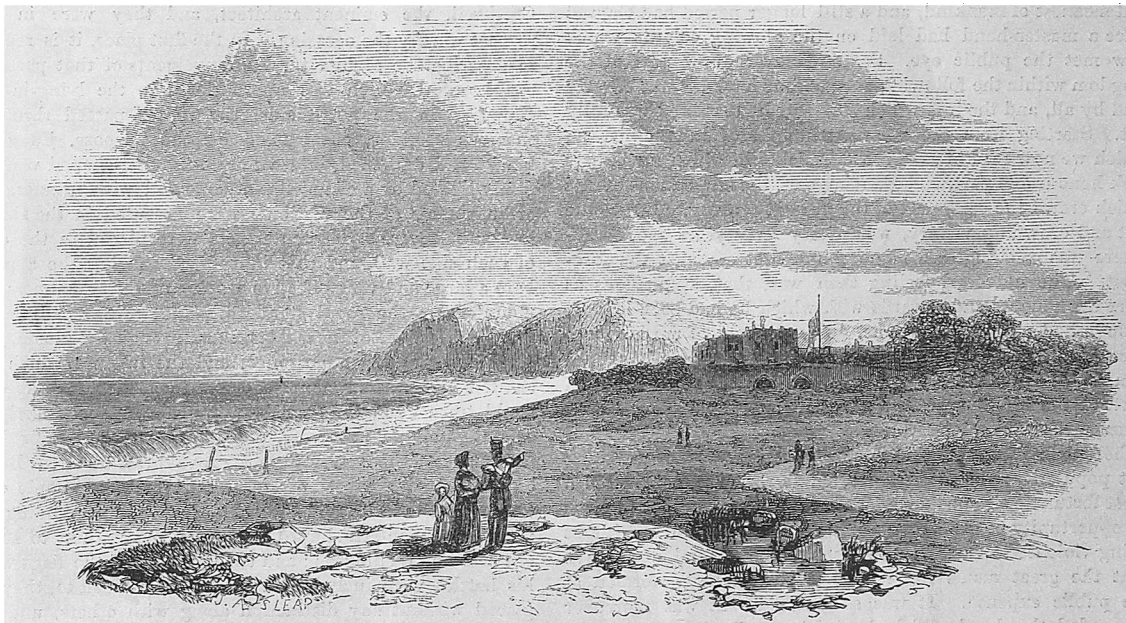
THE most important event—or rather, the event which has most engaged the attention of the British public—during the autumn of the past year, has been the death and public funeral of Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington. And certainly, no man of our day has deserved more of his countrymen than the great warrior who has just gone to his rest. It is not doing justice to human nature to say that the evil which men do lives after them, and that the good is oft interred with their bones. The last great change blots out from the minds of sorrowing friends the memory of a thousand faults and follies, which in life had destroyed hope, and infused fear into expectation. The little failings which had rendered the private career of the many who every year pass to their long home unlovely or hateful, fade from the view, and the thousand little virtues which hang around every human heart, no matter how great its fall, stand out in high and consoling relief. It is this blessed charity, this holy forgiveness, which arises like incense from the ashes of the urn when besprinkled by the tears of mourners, which takes from grief more than half its bitterness. But if this be true of individuals who

stance," as if men sought to cheat the last enemy of his terrors.

Whatever value there may attach to these displays in the public obsequies of great men, there is little doubt that no occasions have been more fitting for such ceremonials than when men have fallen in defence of their country's right, or when eminent statesmen have departed in the full tide of usefulness and fame; when Nelson fell in the arms of victory; when Wellington went calmly to sleep in the Indian summer of his years; or when Henry Clay's lamp of life was suddenly extinguished. To these men the applause of the multitude and the temptations of ambition were, if not utterly unheeded, at all events quite secondary to the high claims of duty and obedience to the powers under which they acted.

Forty-four years ago, Nelson was borne to his last home amidst the tears and lamentations of countless multitudes, who felt, with fear and trembling, that he had indeed been a strong tower of defence against the face of their enemy:—

"His last sea-fight was fought,
His work of glory done."



DISTANT VIEW OF WALMER CASTLE.

have run their course in the common walks of life, much more is it true of the great ones of the earth, who play their parts on the stage of events, and give a colour and turn to history. So far removed are they from the eyes of the multitude, that all minor defects are blotted out by the splendid halo which success throws over their actions. To have possessed a giant's strength, and used it like a giant, dazzles men's imaginations, and renders them incapable of forming a calm judgment upon the purposes to which it was applied. They worship power above all things—worship it even when exerted for objects which ought to make it detestable, and which bring down calamities on themselves; and never does the great machine seem grander than when it has ceased to work, when the heart which schemed or prompted has ceased to throb, and the mighty intellect which planned and directed has for ever rested from its labours. It is then that men seek most to testify their appreciation of their worth and influence. From the earliest ages of the world, the obsequies of the great have been august ceremonials, in which grief, esteem, and admiration have sought expression in solemn trappings and gorgeous decorations—in "pride and pomp and circum-

For nearly half a century Nelson has been resting in sublime repose beneath the mighty dome of London's Cathedral. On Thursday, the 18th of November last, another, and no less mighty one than he, passed to his last abode, along the same route, amidst the same display of material grandeur, to rest for ever in the same dark vault. The ceremonial is over; the bell whose knell is reserved for Royalty, has rung that of one upon whom Royalty could confer no further honour or reward. The Duke of Wellington has been buried.

After the close of the last session of parliament, when the crowd of fashion left town, the old Duke went with them, as was his invariable custom. His intention was to receive a succession of distinguished visitors, up to the opening of parliament, at Walmer Castle. In this quiet retreat all the graces of his character in private life were fully displayed, and he was enabled to give his aged frame the rest which he unwisely denied to himself while in London. But Providence had ordered it otherwise. On the morning of September 14, he summoned his valet to his bedroom, and directed him to send for the apothecary. When the latter arrived, the Duke appeared to be labouring merely under an attack of indigestion.

Within a short time afterwards, he was seized with fits, and before the afternoon he was dead. One of his sons and his daughter-in-law were the only relatives who were present when he breathed his last. A career of sixty years of war, diplomacy, and politics, marked at every step by triumphs, was ended like a tale that is told.

The news came upon the people like a thunder-clap. The Londoners looked with amazement upon the short telegraphic announcement which, in large letters, heading the broad-sheet of the *Times*, informed them that the Duke of Wellington was dead. His great age, his growing feebleness, had never prepared them for such an event. "The Duke" was an institution in himself, an iron man surviving all changes of time, and men, and things; a great man and an old man when most of the present generation were in petticoats, and almost expected to outlive them. The first burst of painful surprise passed away, the eye glanced naturally to the broad row of long closely-printed columns in which the king of journals told the wondrous story of the great warrior's life. There it was, three pages in extent, a model of English composition, chaste, clear, and terse, flowing on to the close in one unbroken current, like the career which it commemorated, without flagging or faltering. For fifteen months it is said to have rested in type, awaiting the inevitable hour, which befalls alike the greatest and meanest of mankind, and a still longer period had elapsed since a master-hand had laid on the glowing colours which now met the public eye. Scattered over every part of the kingdom within the following twenty-four hours, it was eagerly read by all, and the loss which England had suffered was fully felt. Starting from those early triumphs of Indian history, which we now read of as of the skirmishes in which our fathers took honourable part, and glancing over the stupendous events which crowd the early part of the present century, down to the last and crowning victory, won nearly forty years ago, everywhere was Wellington's name found first amongst the foremost. The universal feeling then was, that, stupendous as were the honours and rewards with which he had been loaded, enough had not yet been done. The stillness of surprise was succeeded by the hush of expectation. "We have honoured him in his life," was the cry which at last arose from all parts of the kingdom, "how shall we now do honour to his memory?" The ministry of the Earl of Derby had been but a short time in office, and were in the enjoyment of anything but popularity; the Duke's death was therefore considered a most fortunate circumstance for them, as they would thus have an opportunity of gratifying the wishes of the masses without doing violence to their own feelings. The general desire was that the great man's funeral rites should be performed at the public expense. It was so ordered. It was moreover demanded that he should be buried in St. Paul's, side by side with Nelson. This too was complied with; and, lastly, the nation said, "Let him lie in state in some large building, where thousands may every day have an opportunity of testifying their respect for his memory by crowding to his bier." It was arranged accordingly, that he should be for a week placed in Chelsea Hospital, in the midst of the shattered remnants of the great army whom he had so often led to victory.

Until the necessary preparations could be made for his reception in the latter place, the body lay at Walmer Castle, in the simple chamber where the old soldier passed so much of his time during many years of his life, and which will ever seem filled with his presence. The book-case, the camp-bed, the table and the chair, objects which will be inseparably linked in the English mind to a thousand great memories—marks of the simplicity which gave grace and dignity to the old man's declining years, were still there; but the place which knew him once so well knew him then no more, for the closed-up coffin proved that Death had entered in and taken possession.

A guard of honour, from the Rifle Brigade, was appointed to keep watch and ward on the ramparts over the body of their old commander. The Duke's remains were inclosed in an outer coffin, covered, after the fashion of Royalty, with crimson velvet. On the lid near the head was placed the ducal

coronet, and beyond it the pall gathered back to give visitors a complete view. The coffin was placed on a low stand covered with black cloth, and protected from intrusion by a small railing, around which candelabra with huge waxlights and plumes were arranged. The walls and roof of the small apartment were hung with black cloth, the deep-recessed windows closed, and bracket candles reflected against silver sconces barely relieved the gloom of the sombre drapery.

These arrangements having been made, the inhabitants of Deal, Dover, Sandwich, Ramsgate, and the surrounding neighbourhood, were admitted to take a last view of his remains. Crowds, dressed in mourning, availed themselves of this permission from all parts of the country, the very humblest having evidently exerted themselves to put on a respectable appearance for the occasion. There was no confusion of any kind, but all seemed impressed with the solemnity of the scene. Those most ignorant of the real sources of the Duke's greatness loved and respected him for the kind interest he had taken in the welfare of his poorer neighbours.

On Wednesday, November 10th, the preparations for the lying-in-state at Chelsea Hospital were completed, and the body was privately removed from Walmer Castle, and brought by railway to London and placed in the hospital.

The decorations of the great hall were entrusted to Mr. Creechell, the eminent architect, and they were in every respect worthy the occasion. In the first place, it is requisite to describe the architectural arrangements of that portion of the hospital which was appropriated to the lying-in-state. Entering on the north side, the visitor passed through a spacious corridor, constructed for the purpose, hung with black, and darkened, into a lofty octagonal-shaped vestibule, dimly lighted by a chandelier ornamented with plumes. The arrangements of the vestibule were executed in the simplest and most severe style, escutcheons were placed in the centre of each side-wall, and that immediately facing the approach bore a large and very effective trophy of thirty banners, surmounted by the royal standard. The worn, faded, and tattered appearance of these flags, seen through the gloom, had a singularly striking appearance, and the interest which they excited increased as, upon a closer inspection, the spectator could trace upon the once flaunting banners such inscriptions as "Republique Française, que la Liberté, ou la Mort." In the centre of the trophy were the royal arms of Great Britain, encircled with a wreath of laurel. Beyond the simple escutcheons on the walls, and the sable draperies descending from the elevated lantern-shaped roof, there was nothing to suggest the name of Wellington; and though some of the flags won in his battles were included in the trophy alluded to, they were placed without any distinction along with others, under the common shelter of the national banner which crowned them. Standing in the centre of the vestibule, the visitor found the hall and the chapel running to the right and left of him on either hand and in suite, so that from each he saw to the end of the other. Both were entered by short flights of steps, which raised them above the level of the vestibule, and added considerably to their architectural effect. Both were further remarkable for their excellent proportions; and even through the plainness of their interior fittings, before the recent changes were made, it was not difficult to detect the mastermind of Sir Christopher Wren, who designed them. Of course, the preparations for the lying-in-state had completely altered their ordinary appearance. The chapel windows were hung with black curtains, which excluded the light of day, and a few wax tapers, in gigantic silver candelabra, placed along the aisle, just dispelled the gloom sufficiently to show the eagles and Eastern banners, and other proud relics of the great European wars, projecting from the walls.

At the entrance door stood a Grenadier Guardsman, his scarlet uniform strongly contrasted with the sable decorations around him, and his military appearance looked strange and unwonted in the threshold of the dimly-lighted sanctuary. Let us ascend the steps leading into the hall, and endeavour to convey some idea of the apartment where the remains of Wellington lay in state, to be gazed at for a few days with

affectionate awe by his grateful countrymen. It is 118 feet long by 38 broad, and 49 feet high, and afforded, therefore, considerable facilities for the admission of visitors. There were no projecting corners or pillars which impeded the circulation of the crowds or obstructed the view, and the decorations of the parts appropriated to the public were so simple that they had the full benefit of whatever room there was. From the entrance at the lower end of the hall visitors passed along one side until they reached the raised dais on which the coffin and bier rested. They then crossed to the other side, and made their exit at a side-door, constructed for the purpose. A simple railing was put up to facilitate the general arrangements, and to separate those in official attendance at the lying-in-state from spectators. The hall was hung throughout with sable drapery, formed above into a tent-like shape, the effect of which was greatly heightened by white bands arranged diagonally, and breaking the monotony of the perspective. On the side-walls graceful pendant folds were arranged at six feet distances, and in the intervals were placed escutcheons of the Wellington family, inclosed within elegant wreaths of laurel in green and silver. The raised dais at the top of the hall, on which the remains of the deceased hero reposed, were covered in the centre with a cloth of gold carpet, the bier (four feet high and nine feet long) was formed of black velvet, and surmounted by the coffin, richly decorated with gilding and crimson velvet. On the end of the bier was suspended an overwhelming display of stars and orders, in number and importance far surpassing anything of the kind ever before possessed by a single individual. The whole bier was surrounded by a magnificent silver balustrade, adorned with heraldic devices, from which projected ten pedestals, eight of which bore, upon black velvet cushions, the marshals' bâtons and orders of the eight following countries:—Great Britain, Hanover, Austria, the Netherlands, Portugal, Prussia, Russia, and Spain. The ninth and tenth pedestals bore the duke's standard and guidon, and attached to all were lion supporters in gold more than two feet high, bearing the shields and banners of the nations enumerated. At the back of the bier was her Majesty's escutcheon, surrounded by the Wellington bannerols, relieved upon a cloth of gold hanging. The gorgeous pomp of the dais was crowned with the magnificent and lofty canopy, of great size and novel construction, which rose to the ceiling of the hall, and was surmounted by a shadowy plume of feathers set in a silver socket. The hangings and curtains of the canopy were of the most sumptuous character, being formed of black velvet lined throughout with silver, and enriched with a heavy cornice and fringes of the same precious material. So skilfully had this part of the decorations been planned, that the greatest lightness was combined with solemnity of effect, and the view of the catafalque was quite unencumbered, by having the draperies gathered up in a series of graceful festoons.

And now let us endeavour to give some idea of the manner in which the hall was lighted up, so as to reconcile the splendour of the spectacle with that sombre character which in all ages has been regarded as appropriate to the manifestations of respect for the dead. It has been stated that the visitor entered through a long darkened corridor into the vestibule, which was only partially illuminated, and that in the chapel, also, a few tapers were kept burning, which hardly dispelled the gloom. As you entered the hall, four long rows of colossal silver candelabra, distributed in double file, at regular intervals, on either side, and extending to the foot of the dais, engaged the attention. They were fifty-four in number, stood seven feet high, and had wax candles in them seven feet long and three inches thick. Let the reader imagine as best he can the extraordinary effect of that species of illumination. It eclipsed anything of the kind that had ever been before attempted in England, and produced upon the mind an impression not less remarkable than appropriate. The rows of candelabra next the side-walls being mounted on pedestals, burned at an elevation of seventeen or eighteen feet from the ground, and the light was thus shed more evenly than would otherwise have been the case over the sombre decora-

tions of the interior. One might have supposed that such a number of candles would have illuminated the hall too brilliantly; but the immense mass of black drapery subdued all glare, and preserved a mournful gloom.

On the dais and around the catafalque the splendour of the arrangements rendered a great increase of light necessary, and there accordingly we found twelve magnificent silver candelabra placed, each holding five candles; so that within that confined space there were nearly as many tapers burning as in the whole body of the hall. In addition to this, ten hollow columns had been constructed, composed of spears, surmounted by feathers, and covered with laurel and escutcheons. These had each gas jets concealed behind them, the rays of which were thrown by reflectors on the gold and silver ornaments, the orders, the banners, and the rich hangings of the catafalque. The result was extremely brilliant, and yet not too much so as to be out of character. The last and the finest feature in the arrangements of the ceremonial at Chelsea Hospital remains to be noticed. Human beings, after all, are the greatest ornaments of any pageant, and the disposal of them at the lying-in-state was unusually skilful and artistic. A low platform ran along the side-walls of the hall, and upon this picked soldiers of the Grenadier Guards stood like statues, resting on their arms reversed. Around the catafalque the Yeomen of the Guards were stationed, and nine mourners (one-half military, the other from the Lord Chamberlain's department) were seated. The chair of the chief mourner was placed at the head of the coffin, and was concealed from view.

On Thursday, November 10th, the Queen and other members of the Royal Family attended the hospital, to mark their respect for the memory of the deceased, and see that the preparations were in every way worthy the hero in whose honour they had been made. After she had taken her departure, the pensioners were admitted to view the bier of their old commander. The scene was touching and instructive. Immeasurable as had been the distance, in rank, intellect, and honours, between these decrepit old men hobbling along the hall, and their great chief, all distinctions and differences were now at an end for ever! The glittering baubles that covered the catafalque were the last marks of honour which earth could ever bestow; and the private soldier and the marshal of eight empires were now upon a level.

The next day, Friday, was set apart especially to "the privileged classes"—and in an old country like England regard must always be paid to the claims of these. The four following days in the succeeding week were devoted to the multitude. Thousands crowded to Chelsea Hospital to pay their last tribute of respect to the departed hero; and we regret to say, that the gorgeous ceremony was not unattended with the accidents common to such vast assemblages of people—two persons paid the forfeit of their lives, and much blame was attributed to the police for their want of foresight and good management.

On Wednesday night the lying-in-state was over. Nothing now remained but the funeral, and for this ceremony gigantic preparations had been making. All the way from Hyde-park-corner to St. Paul's Cathedral, on both sides of Piccadilly, Pall-mall, the Strand, Fleet-street, and Ludgate-hill, the shop windows were stripped of their gaudy decorations, and exhibited in their stead tiers of naked and ugly planks; while nothing was heard but the noise of saving, hammering, and chopping. Tiers of seats in shop-windows, tiers of seats on the first floor, tiers of seats on the second, tiers of seats in gateways and archways, tiers of seats over the graveyards, in the porticoes of the churches, and even on the roofs of the sacred edifices themselves,—in short, wherever there was space for a man to sit, and wood could be placed for him to sit on,—met the eye on every side. As the time approached, the benches began to assume all sorts of coverings—some red cloth, some black cloth, and some very common and cheap druggat. All the clubs along Pall-mall had seats erected over their areas for the accommodation of the friends of the members. The prices of seats varied in proportion to their situation. In shop-windows and first floors along the Strand,



CHARGE OF LORD T. SOMERSET'S HEAVY BRIGADE AT WATERLOO, AND TOTAL ROUT OF THE FRENCH CAVALRY.

they varied from one guinea to thirty shillings; but inside Temple-bar, and on nearer to St. Paul's, they were still higher. On the afternoon of Wednesday strong barriers were erected all along the side-path from St. Paul's to Temple-bar; and all the crossings were strongly barricaded to prevent undue pressure from the crowd, and it was announced that no one would be admitted into the city after nine o'clock, except by

hurried on to bring their work to a completion, and the torches glared fitfully from the scaffoldings, or light shot up from the gas mains, where holes had been dug to fix in the barriers. To pass from Farringdon-street to Temple-bar was no ordinary trial of strength and patience, and could only be accomplished by a series of dodges amongst the carriages, carts, waggons, and cabs, which filled the street in a closely-locked labyrinth



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

a pass from the Commissioner of Police. As the evening closed in the streets presented a strange appearance. The morning trains had brought thousands from the country, and thousands more had arrived in London on foot and in vehicles of every description, and now thronged the thoroughfare in dense masses, almost stopping the circulation. On every side the sound of hammering was still heard, as the carpenters

of confusion. At Temple-bar the obstruction had reached its height. Here a vast crowd had collected to witness the fitting of the decorations with which City taste had thought fit to adorn the gateway. Things continued in this state until a late hour at night, when the crowd was somewhat diminished. Some went home for a short sleep, but a great number braved the inclemency of a November night, in order to be sure of a

good place on the morrow. The preparations at St. Paul's had been vigorously carried on, and in the evening of Wednesday were apparently near an end.

Thursday morning dawned through a fitful, heavy sky, moist-looking and grey, as if the rain which had fallen in torrents through the night were not yet exhausted, while a sharp wind rattled ominously against the windows. The notes of preparation began to be heard, even in the remote and quiet parts of the metropolis, as early as four o'clock—carriages driving rapidly, and footsteps hurrying along the pavements, loud talking, and occasionally the blast of a horn; and, on looking out, a light might be seen in nearly every bed-room window, betokening that the inmates were up and on the alert. Notwithstanding the sharpness of the morning, the cab-drivers appeared to be in excellent humour, for they were reaping a harvest. At five o'clock the omnibuses had begun to run from their various stations in the suburbs to the streets through which the procession was to pass, and at the same hour large crowds had already taken up their position in the Strand, and along the rest of the line. At half-past eight all the other streets of London seemed deserted, and between the Horse Guards—to which the body had been removed from Chelsea on the previous evening—and St. Paul's, probably a million and a half of people were crowded in the windows, on the house-tops, along the side paths, and on scaffolding—a vast, silent, and expectant mass. It was one of those grand sights which occur at but rare intervals in history, and which no man ever sees twice in a lifetime—a nation at the funeral of a great man. Looking from an elevation, there appeared huge lines of black, with here and there a red speck, where the Guards galloped up and down along the line; but nowhere could the eye light on anything that was not gloomy and sombre.

Carriages continued to roll along in rapid succession up to the last moment, conveying persons either to St. Paul's or to seats along the route. The crowd assembled along the *pavé* displayed admirable patience. Most of them had been on the ground for several hours, and instead of any attempt at disorder or tumult, all was as still as if each individual had had a personal interest in the ceremonial. It was a scene full of instruction—the population of a great city assembled in one spot, and kept in order, not by any display of force,—for the comparatively small body of police must have been powerless against any manifestation of the popular will,—but by an innate sense of what was proper and befitting the occasion. The nation was *en support* with the Government, in all the arrangements, even the most minute. There never was so signal a display of the benefits of self-government, of the influence which it has in the formation of habits of obedience to the general will, mutual forbearance, and self-respect.

As the morning wore on, the clouds partially cleared off, and the sun broke in fitful gleams through the smoky atmosphere, and its rays falling in the street, brought out the mourning which veiled the scarfs and lace of the military officers, in strong relief with the scarlet of their uniforms, and the cold brilliancy of their swords and cuirasses. The sound of the carriage wheels had ceased, the buzz of conversation carried on in subdued tones, and the occasional clang of accoutrements, alone broke the general silence; save when a dog tearing madly along the broad lane, hedged in by the rows of spectators, called forth laughter or shouts from the more volatile or impatient of the crowd. Then another interval, and the wind sighed mournfully as it travelled up the street, and passed through the scaffoldings, and rushed up the alleys and courts, bringing with it now and then a faint sound of distant music. Expectation was now on tiptoe; the last act but one in the great drama was close at hand; the procession was on its way; the crowd became hushed, the roll of the muffled drums broke more heavily on the ear, the policemen dressed the line on each side, and the troop of Guards which led the van, rode slowly up.

The troops had assembled before daybreak at the Horse Guards. At eight the coffin was placed on the funeral car, the first minute-gun was fired, the troops presented arms, and the procession advanced.

As the particular order of this grand funeral procession will by this time have found its way into nearly every newspaper in the United States, it will be unnecessary that we should follow its course minutely. It will be sufficient for us to say that it consisted of—six battalions of Infantry; seventeen field-pieces,—the number to which the Duke, from his rank in the army, was entitled; eight squadrons of Cavalry; a body of Marines, headed by eighty-three (the duke's age) veteran pensioners from Chelsea Hospital, who shared in the Duke's victories; the Field-marshal's batons of England, Russia, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, &c., borne by distinguished officers deputed by their several governments; the Standard or Pennon carried by a Lieutenant-colonel, supported by his Captains on horseback; deputations from the University of Oxford, of which the Duke was Chancellor; the Lieutenancy of the Tower and various counties, the East India Company, the Board of Ordnance, the Common Council of the City of London, the Merchant Tailors' Company, the Corporation of the Trinity House, the Chaplains of the Tower, and the Chaplain to the Forces, the Physicians to the Duke, the Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriffs, and Recorder of London, the Sheriff of Southampton, the Companions and Knights-commanders of the Bath, Heralds, Chief Mourners, and attendants, and the household of the Duke. Immediately following the mourners behind the funeral car, the Duke's horse was led by its groom; and in their appropriate places in the procession, the Guidon, or little flag of the regiment, and the Wellesley Banner, and the Great Banner, were borne by officers of rank in the several regiments in which his Grace had served. In fact—and not to be too tedious, we may say, that all the pomp and state of England had their representatives at the funeral of the great field-marshal—from Prince Albert and the Houses of Peers and Commons, to the Gentlemen Ushers and Heralds, who walked beside the funeral car. Each regiment had its band; and every regiment in her Majesty's service was represented by a captain, lieutenant, sergeant, corporal, and two private soldiers. A more grand and imposing sight was perhaps never witnessed in England, or any other country; and its grandeur and solemnity consisted, not so much in the display of uniforms and the sound of funeral music, the melancholy tolling of a thousand church bells, and the slow and stately step of the marshal mourners, as in the tens of thousands of people who that day came forth to express, in silent contemplation and orderly behaviour, their regard for the great man gathered to his fathers, and the interest which they could not but feel at the sight of the coffin which contained all that remained of his earthly grandeur.

The procession having, as we said, formed in St. James's-park, proceeded on its slow and solemn way amidst the gathered multitude; who, as the body of the Duke approached, testified by uncovered heads and respectful demeanour, the greatness of England's loss in the great captain of his age. A whole country had, as it were, assembled to do honour to the memory of the hero of a hundred fights, the warrior, the statesman, the citizen, the man! In this place we may make appropriate mention of the funeral car itself. The lower part, or carriage, is of bronze, supported on six wheels, and elaborated with an amount of original skill and artistic feeling which is quite refreshing in an age of mere revivals and adaptations. Above this metallic framework rises a rich pediment of gilding, in the panels of which the following list of Wellington's victories is inscribed:—Ahmednuggur, Assaye, Argaum, Gavilghur, Rolica, Vimiera, Douro and Oporto, Talavera, Busaco, Torres Vedras, Fuentes d'Onor, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos, Salamanca, Vittoria, Pampeluna, Pyrenees, St. Sebastian, Nivelle, Nive, Orthes, Toulouse, Quatre Bras, Waterloo. On the side of this pediment were arranged lofty trophies of arms, including muskets, bayonets, swords, and flags, surmounted by the ducal coronets and batons. A similar trophy stood in front, rising behind the arms of the deceased, cast in bronze, and surmounted by his heraldic badges and honours, including the tabard magnificently wrought and embroidered. Over the bier and its bearers, the gilded handles of which protruded from beneath,

was arranged a sumptuous velvet pall, powdered with silver embroidery, bordered with laurels in silver, and bearing the legend around it, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," and terminated by a magnificent fringe of silver two feet deep. The coffin, with the Duke's hat and sword resting on it, surmounted the bier, and from four great halberts rising at each corner was suspended a magnificent canopy in cloth of gold, with pendant cords and tassels of the richest and most costly description. To this gigantic vehicle, 27 feet long, 10 feet broad, 17 feet high, and weighing from 10 to 11 tons, twelve of the largest and finest black horses that could be procured were harnessed three abreast. They were completely covered with velvet housings, having the arms of the deceased splendidly embroidered on them, and with heads surmounted by nodding plumes. The car was attended by officers of the army and the necessary funeral attendants; and a more noble and appropriate cavalcade was never seen in Great Britain.

And thus the procession travelled slowly on, through the uncovered throng. From windows, and housetops, and causeways, were seen the real mourners, the people, in countless multitudes, almost everywhere orderly, and in habiliments of woe.

At a quarter past twelve, the Bishop of London and the Dean of St. Paul's, leading the clergy and the choir, proceeded slowly by the nave to the entrance of the cathedral, to receive the remains of the great Duke. Clothed in white, with black bands and sashes, the procession, thus headed, moved in two streams of two and two through the dignified and richly-attired assemblage, till they halted at the door, where they drew up in column four deep. Some delay took place in removing the coffin from the funeral car; but at length there was a universal hush, and, as if moved by one mind, the whole of the vast assemblage stood up in respectful grief, as the coffin which contained the remains of the great commander appeared in sight, preceded by the choir with measured tread as they chanted the beginning of the burial service by Dr. Croft. When the coffin was borne in, the wind stirred the feathers of the marshal's hat placed upon the lid, and produced an indescribably sorrowful effect, in giving an air of light and playful life to that where all was dead. And thus, with the hoarse roar of the multitude without, as they saw their last of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, with the grand and touching service of the church sounding solemnly through the arched dome and aisles of the noble church, with the glistening eye and hushed breath of many a gallant as well as of many a gentle soul in that vast multitude—with the bell tolling solemnly the knell of the departed, taken up by the voice of the distant cannon, amid the quiet waving of bannerol and flag, surrounded by all the greatness of the land—with all the pomp and glories of heraldic achievement, escutcheon, and device,—his body was borne up the avenue in the nave of the cathedral. At twenty minutes before two o'clock, the coffin was slid off the moveable carriage in which it had been conveyed up the nave to the frame in the centre of the area under the dome, which was placed almost directly over the tomb of Nelson, in the crypt below. The marshal's hat and sword of the deceased were removed from the coffin, and in their place a ducal coronet, on a velvet cushion, was substituted.

The body, when taken from the car, was received by the bishop, dean, canons, and prebendaries, attended by the minor canons and choir, and borne into the church attended and supported as follows:—

The Spurs borne by York Herald.
The Helmet and Crest borne by Richmond Herald.
The Sword and Target borne by Lancaster Herald.
The Surcoat borne by Chester Herald.

FOREIGN BATONS.

The Baton of the deceased, as Field-Marshal, borne by the Marquis of Anglesey, K.G., and supported as before.

Gentleman Usher. The Coronet and Cushion borne by Clarenceux King-of-Arms. Gentleman Usher.

THE BODY.

Five General Officers on either side bearing Bannerols.
Eight General Officers Supporters of the Pall.

The Pall-bearers were—

General Viscount Combermere, G.C.B. and G.C.H.
General Marquis of Londonderry, G.C.B. and G.C.H.
General Sir Peregrine Maitland, G.C.B.
General Viscount Hardinge, G.C.B.
Lieutenant-General Lord Seaton, G.C.B., G.C., M.G., and G.C.H., &c.
Lieutenant-General Sir Alexander Woodford, G.C.B.
Lieutenant-General Viscount Gough, G.C.B., &c.
Lieutenant-General Sir Charles J. Napier, G.C.B.

Gentleman Usher.	Garter Principal King of Arms.	Gentleman Usher.
Supporter, The Marquis of Tweeddale.	THE CHIEF MOURNER. In a long Mourning Cloak, His Train borne by the Hon. Wm. Wellesley. Lord Charles Wellesley. Assistants to the Chief Mourner. Relations. Friends.	Supporter, The Marquis of Salisbury.

At a few minutes past one o'clock, Prince Albert entered the cathedral, and, as he proceeded to his position, seemed much affected by the solemnity of the scene which had just burst upon his view, as he looked to the right and to the left.

At six minutes after one o'clock the body entered, and the choir immediately commenced the musical part of the service, proceeding, while they were singing, at a very slow pace towards the dome, and followed by the body of the late Duke.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert was seated in a chair on the right hand of the Chief Mourner; the suite of his Royal Highness took their places near his Royal Highness. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge had a seat near his Royal Highness.

The Chief Mourner was seated in a chair at the head of the body; his supporters on either side; the train-bearer behind; and the assistant mourners upon stools, also on either side. The relations and friends of the deceased took places behind the Chief Mourner.

The supporters of the pall were seated on stools on each side of the body. The officers bearing the bannerols were ranged behind the supporters of the pall.

The body being placed on a bier, and the pall being removed, the coronet and cushion were placed on the coffin, as also the field-marshal's baton of the deceased.

The foreign batons were held during the ceremony by military officers of high rank in the respective armies of the different foreign powers, and they, and their supporters, and the Marquis of Anglesey, occupied stools at the foot of the coffin.

The foreign marshals and generals stood at the head of the coffin; at the south side of it stood his Royal Highness Prince Albert, with his baton of field-marshal in his hand, and attired in full uniform, standing a little in advance of a numerous staff of officers. At each side of the coffin were British generals who had acted as pall-bearers. After the psalm and anthem, the Dean read with great solemnity and impressiveness the lesson, 1 Cor. xv. 20, which was followed by the *Nunc Dimittis*, and a dirge, with the following words set to music by Mr. Goss:—

And the King said to all the people that were with him, "Rend your clothes, and gird you with sackcloth and mourn." And the King himself followed the bier.

And they buried him. And the King lifted up his voice and wept at the grave, and all the people wept.

And the King said unto his servants, "Know ye not that there is a Prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

And now came the roll of muffled drums, and the wailing notes of horn and cornet, and the coffin slowly sank into the crypt amid the awful strains of Handel's "Dead March." The ducal crown disappeared with its gorgeous support, and in the centre of the group of generals and nobles was left a dark chasm, into which every eye glanced sadly down, and all knew, indeed, that a prince and a great man had that day gone from Israel. The remaining portions of the funeral service were then performed. The congregation joined in the responses to the Lord's Prayer; and the effect of many thousand voices in deep emotion repeating the words after the full enunciation of the Dean, was intensely affecting.

His body is buried in peace,
But his name liveth evermore,

from Handel's funeral anthem, was then most effectively performed by the choir. And then Garter King at Arms, standing over the vault, proclaimed the titles and orders of the deceased, "whom Heaven hath pleased to take from us:"—Arthur Wellesley, he said, was the Most High, Mighty, and Most Noble Prince, Duke of Wellington, Marquis of Wellington, Marquis of Douro, Earl of Wellington, in Somerset, Viscount Wellington, of Talavera, Baron Douro, of Wellesley, Prince of Waterloo, in the Netherlands, Duke of

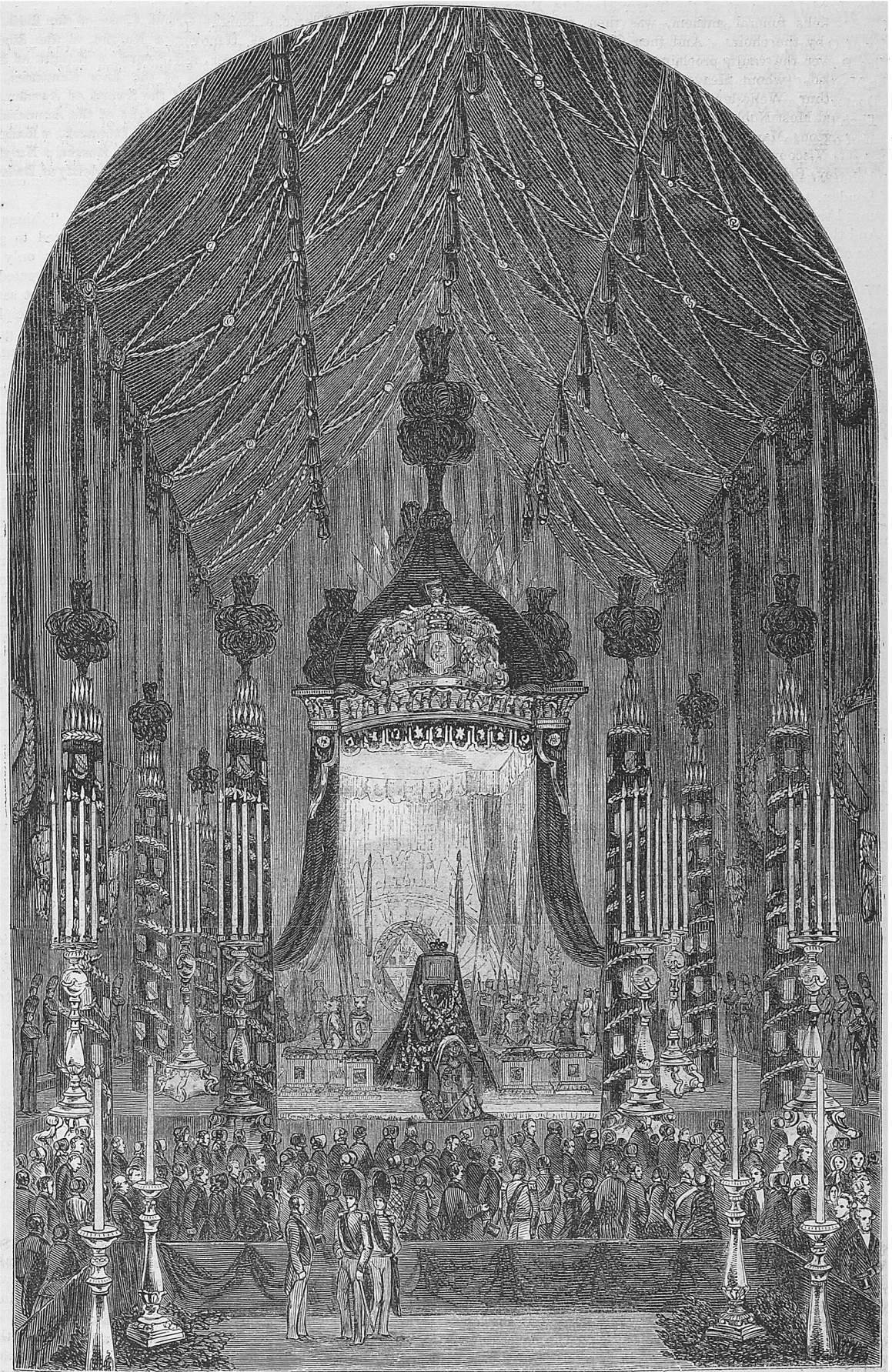
of the Golden Fleece, a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, a Knight Grand Cross of Hanover, a Knight of the Black Eagle, a Knight of the Tower and Sword, a Knight of St. Fernando, a Knight of William of the Low Countries, a Knight of Charles III., a Knight of the Sword of Sweden, a Knight of St. Andrew of Russia, a Knight of the Anunciado of Sardinia, a Knight of the Elephant of Denmark, a Knight of Maria Theresa, a Knight of St. George of Russia, a Knight of the Crown of Rue of Saxony, a Knight of Fidelity of Baden,



NAPOLEON AT FONTAINEBLEAU, AFTER HIS RETURN FROM ELBA.

Cuidad Rodrigo, in Spain, Duke of Brunoy, in France, Duke of Vittoria, Marquis of Torres Vedras, Count of Vimiera, in Portugal, Grandee of the First Class in Spain, a Privy Councillor, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, Colonel of the Rifle Brigade, a Field-Marshal of Great Britain, a Marshal of Russia, a Marshal of Austria, a Marshal of France, a Marshal of Prussia, a Marshal of Spain, a Marshal of Portugal, a Marshal of the Netherlands, a Knight of the Garter, a Knight of the Holy Ghost, a Knight

a Knight of Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria, a Knight of St. Alexander Newsky of Russia, a Knight of St. Hermenegilda of Spain, a Knight of the Red Eagle of Brandenburg, a Knight of St. Januarius, a Knight of the Golden Lion of Hesse Cassel, a Knight of the Lion of Baden, a Knight of Merit of Wurtemberg, the Lord High Constable of England, the Constable of the Tower, the Constable of Dover Castle, Warden of the Cinque Ports, Chancellor of the Cinque Ports, Admiral of the Cinque Ports, Lord-Lieutenant of Hamp-



THE LYING-IN-STATE AT CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

shire, Lord-Lieutenant of the Tower Hamlets, Ranger of St. James's-park, Ranger of Hyde-park, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, Commissioner of the Royal Military College, Vice-President of the Scottish Naval and Military Academy, the Master of the Trinity-house, a Governor of King's College, a Doctor of Laws, &c.

Then the late Duke's controller, having broken in pieces his staff of office in the household, handed it to the Garter King at Arms, who cast the fragments into the vault. The choir and chorus sang the hymn, "Sleepers, awake!" and the Bishop of London, standing by the side of the Lord Chancellor, pronounced the blessing, which concluded the ceremony.

And thus was buried, with all state and honour, the great Duke of Wellington.

With the demise of the Duke of Wellington, the last link of that chain is broken which connected the present generation with the heroic characters of the period which was ushered in by the first French Revolution. One after another have soldiers, statesmen, and authors, passed away from the scene of action: the rulers of the world overruled and overcome by the all-powerful and resistless hand of death. At length the most distinguished of them all has bowed his head and died. Thus, then, does earthly glory perish. A few years, more or less, make the only difference between the peasant and the prince. Position and honours possess no immunity from the common lot of mortal men.

The sundering of this link is the parting point between the past age and the present one. The earliest days of the great captain, whose decease we bewail, carry the thoughts back to a social condition the most dark and threatening. Old prescription and new thought were then on the point of engaging in mortal conflict. Despotism governments were all but universal. Even in England, the interests and the will of the few bore sway, and held the land in bondage. The church of three-fourths of Christendom was grossly corrupt and alarmingly effete; opinions, not less narrow than repulsive, held the place of practical piety in many Protestant communions. Scarcely anywhere, except in England, did true and healthful religion find a home. The populations of Europe were, for the most part, ignorant and brutal.

Existing social maladies needed a desperate remedy; and in France broke forth that whirlwind which was designed to issue in a new social life. But before the blessing came to birth, what pangs, what throes, what wailing, what ruin! It is our privilege to see and to enjoy the fruits of those toils and pains. In England a liberal, intelligent, and beneficent queen is the centre of institutions, inferior, indeed, to what may be desired, but still wise in their purposes, and benign in their operation. In religion, if Englishmen are divided in opinion, they are nevertheless cemented together by some unity of spirit; and even in and from their differences they have acquired mental strength, and learnt mutual toleration. Taught by the painful experience of other nations, they have in some measure learnt to unite in just proportions the claims of the past and the claims of the present; and while every year has now long seen the predominance of class interests becoming less and less, at the present moment the will of the people is to a great extent the law of the land, and a practical Christianity goes far to guarantee to every man the possession of his individual and social rights. Among those rights, the most prominent and the most important, religious liberty, a fair remuneration of labour, free scope for enterprise and exertion, untaxed bread, and sound education, are now within the reach of most, or seem likely to be so at no distant day. These priceless advantages are the result and the reward of mental efforts, national struggles, and social sacrifices of the highest and most worthy kind. How would the picture increase in brightness, had we time to sketch the discoveries achieved by science within the last half century! The task is the less necessary, because Englishmen are enjoying the consequent advantages on a very large scale, and in every rank of life.

It is by a long, complex, and painful process, that the social existence of Britons has been renovated. In that pro-

cess, no one person, perhaps, had a share so great as that of the recently deceased warrior. It is of the outward and material current of events that we now speak. In the world of thought, the position of that eminent man was below the highest. But as a doer he had no equal.

The Duke of Wellington began his public life as the champion of prescription, and as the champion of prescription did he remain active to the last. Attached by birth, education, and sympathy, to the cause of legitimacy, he fought his battles and won his laurels in resisting the encroachments of the spirit of change and reformation.

He, the greatest and the purest champion of "things as they are" that perhaps ever appeared, was forced to give way before the onward rush of events, and it was only by placing himself at the head of the stream that he directed it into channels the most suitable, and to results the most satisfactory. A noble and an aristocrat in all his principles, affections, and aims, he, under the higher control of good sense, pure patriotism, and a benign religion, became a practical friend of popular rights, and the buckler of the national freedom. Such is the benign working of free and liberal institutions, and such is the absorbing and all-controlling love of country in the Anglo-Saxon soul, that party considerations and personal predilections are willingly and readily offered up on the altar of public usefulness and the general good.

The attributes of character which are implied in these statements are tokens of a great man. A great man, undoubtedly, was Arthur Wellesley. In his class, he was, perhaps, the greatest. Never before has there appeared such a happy union of the qualities which make a great captain and a successful warrior. Wise in council and heroic in fight, he was considerate of his own troops, and merciful towards a vanquished foe. Whatever ambition he may have possessed, he fought for what, with him, was a righteous, if not sacred cause; and so, while he was very far from the ignoble aims of the vulgar soldier, he turned the battle-field into a school of self-discipline, and, sword in hand, read to the world lessons of moderation, peace, and social wisdom.

Yet, though first of his class, the Duke of Wellington was not first among his contemporaries, still less among men. The warrior class is by no means a high class. War, after all, is only a marshalling of brute forces. The very essence of war lies in the reduction of human beings into self-acting machines. Not until the mind of many moves under the impulse of the one master-mind, can war be safely undertaken or successfully carried on.

"The battle is not to the strong, nor the race to the swift." The experience of the world justly assigns the palm of victory to Good Fortune. It is not genius that wins victories, so much as caution and hardihood. To that persistence which is so marked a feature in the English character, that nation owes all its great victories.

With these facts before us, we cannot declare any conqueror, however ample his renown, a great man of the first class. It is to a higher class of qualities than those which war puts into action, that the greatness of the greatest warriors is to be ascribed. Not for his skill in fighting, but for his pure patriotism and manly self-denial, have men agreed to place Washington at the head of the warrior class. And Wellington's high position in that class he owes mainly to the purity of his motives, the general elevation of his character, and the magnanimity that never needlessly injured a foe, or wantonly spilled a drop of blood. With him as, with all warriors that deserve the epithet of Great, the moral excellence of the man far outshone the fame of the soldier.

While directly and indirectly we thus load the conqueror with distinctions, we not only invite him forth from the ranks of his fellow-citizens, but encourage and strengthen the warlike spirit with which the world is already too much impregnated. The immediate abolition of war, though desirable, is, we fear, by no means possible. But the abatement of the warlike spirit, and the diminution, or, if possible, the utter removal of causes of war, must be objects of desire with every disinterested and right-minded person. Desires, however,

that call forth no corresponding action, are nugatory, if not discreditable. The aim, then, of every lover of his species should be to disabuse men's minds of their warlike idolatry. It is the arts of peace that have made England so great and so powerful. It is by cultivating the arts of peace that we of this generation may transmit our advantages to posterity, and create influences that may multiply and improve those advantages indefinitely. Even for protection, peace has better guarantees than war. An active, industrious, intelligent, rich, and happy people is its own shield and buckler. Such a nation has all the elements of strength as well as greatness. And in the actual and possible collisions of the world, the strong, and the strong only, are safe. Nor must it be forgotten, that the real sources of a nation's strength lie in its mental and moral culture. A well-educated people cannot be subdued. Mental superiority gives universal superiority. In their ultimate issues, mental power and moral power hold in their hands the government of the world. And it is not by the spirit of war, but by education, by justice, by mercy, in a word, by the religion of Jesus Christ, that nations shall preserve and enrich the sources of their national greatness, in strengthening, exalting, and ennobling the national character.

In the main and on the whole, Wellington stamped an image of himself on the immediate past. Victorious at Waterloo, he was irresistible at Vienna; and, considering the materials with which he had to deal, he moulded Europe at his pleasure. From the Congress of Sovereigns he passed to the right hand of supreme power in Great Britain, and, seated there, he with an iron hand gave shape to the not easily yielding masses of human and social interests which he undertook to control. While employed in the task he met with opposition, sometimes stern opposition, and often had to adapt his measures to meet and control interests the intervention of which he had not anticipated. Of course he was checked, impeded, even overpowered. He could not give effect to his own will. As a workman, he was compelled to submit to insuperable necessities. Out of limestone he could not carve an Apollo Belvidere. Water in his hands would not coalesce with wax, nor would wax retain impressions with the fixedness of granite. Yet, on the whole, he triumphed; and as he triumphed, so he reigned. He himself declared that he had attained everything England could bestow, except the crown; and had he been as ambitious as he was dutiful, possibly in some crisis amid the fearful collisions of the last five and thirty years he might have clutched that. Speculations apart, the Duke was powerful, very powerful—powerful with the monarch—powerful in the legislature—powerful with the church—powerful in the country.

Wellington, the symbol of legitimacy, is departed. In funeral pomp he has gone down into the cold and lifeless tomb. National grief has thrown its pall over the remains of the hero, and solemnly conducted them to their final resting place. The sword and the charger have lost their office; the bold, calm, wide-surveying eye is for ever closed; the hand that could cleave a helmet or marshal a battalion rests motionless and still. How is it with the thing symbolised? Why, it has triumphed; it is in the ascendant. The hero of a hundred victories has placed the British throne of a hundred descents on a basis of adamant.

If there is truth in the tenor of these remarks, we are required to qualify our veneration for the great warrior whose obsequies we celebrate. The settlement which Wellington brought about was a settlement for a day. Such must be the nature of every settlement which is effected by the sword. The sword is but violence with a glittering exterior; the sword is only force with a sharpened blade. Injury it may add to injury; right is beyond its sphere. The sword may punish, it cannot adjudicate.

After the mass of information which has been showered upon the public in newspapers, pamphlets, reviews, lives, and anecdote books, we have thought it unnecessary to give any lengthened sketch of the great deeds of which the career

of Wellington was made up; but a few of the incidents connected with his last and crowning achievements we have thought worthy of illustration. The "stern child of destiny," whose star was forced to pale its fires before the steadier flame which Wellington's glories shed on the eyes of the world, appears, in our engraving (p. 56), in his chamber at Fontainebleau, after his return from Elba,—absorbed in thought, doubtless regretting the past and fearing the future. There was enough in the occurrences of the few preceding days to fill the heart of stone with pride. The heir of thirty generations of kings had fled from his palace like a thief in the night, and abandoned a mighty kingdom at the mere sound of his name. The sight of his grey surtout filled veteran soldiers and war-worn generals with frantic enthusiasm. But what availed all this against the terrible fact that a world was in arms against him, and that, as traitor to public law, he was already doomed to public vengeance by the great chiefs of European diplomacy? The grand old palace might well look gloomy, and the brow of the emperor, great and feared though he was, might well seemed wrinkled with care.

There is little more to say. On page 53 we have a portrait of Wellington as he was known in the House of Lords, and to perhaps the largest circle of acquaintance any man in London ever possessed—to say nothing of the populace themselves, who, whenever and wherever he appeared in public, looked with interest and admiration upon the aged warrior.

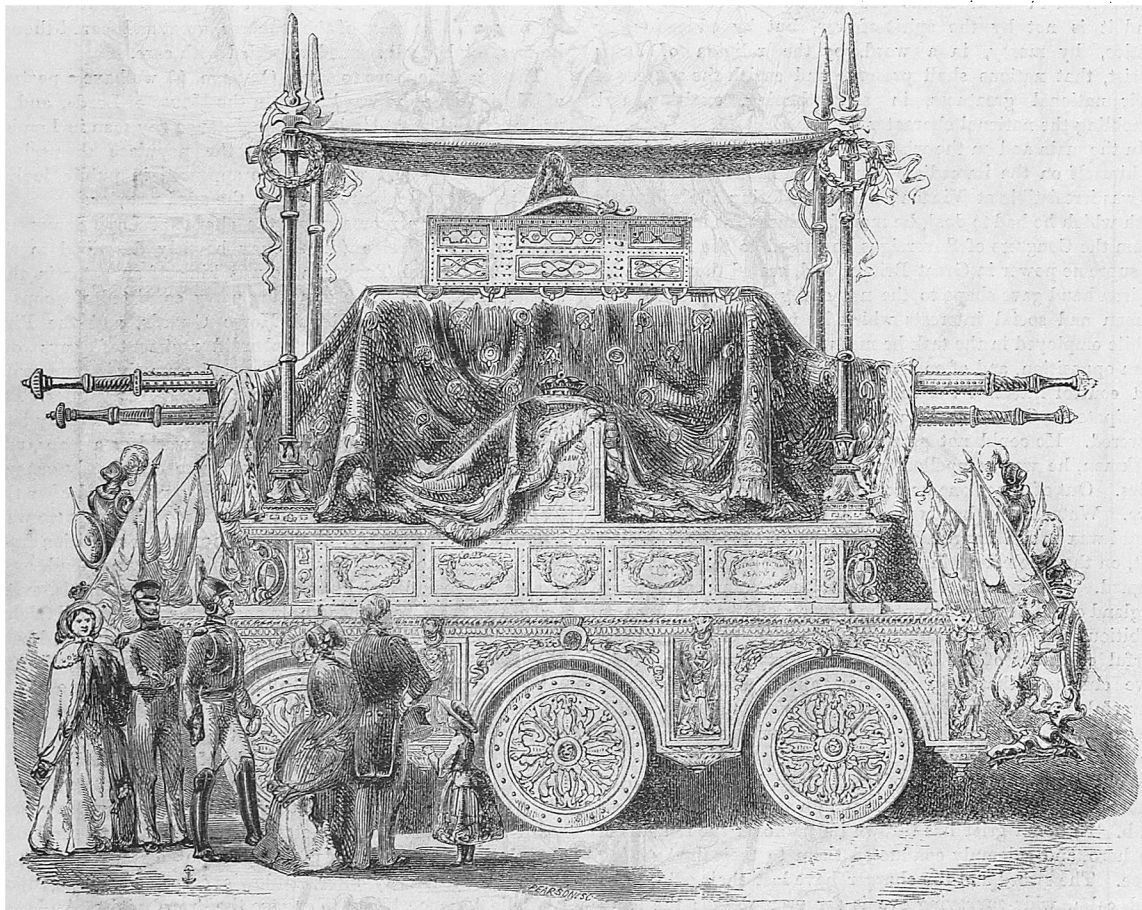
The engraving representing the charge of Lord Somerset's brigade at Waterloo (p. 52) may be fitly described in the words of Colonel Tucker, who was himself an actor in that tremendous scene. The attacking party consisted of troops of the Life Guards, the Royal Horse Guards, and the First Dragoon Guards. "These splendid regiments," says our authority, "absolutely rode down and over their opponents. Horses and men fell at the shock of the fearful encounter. The cuirassiers, whose breast-plates had glittered in so many battles and victories, disappeared from the world as a corps, and became a thing that had been; they were completely cut up. After this almost total destruction of his cavalry, and after the frightful reduction of his columns of infantry, Buonaparte was, if not as good as beaten, at the least put into a condition from which the Duke could have had nothing to apprehend, even though no Prussians had come up. Except the guards, every part of the French army had been engaged, repulsed, and frightfully thinned. Not a point of the British position had been carried. Not a single square had been broken; and, though our loss in killed and wounded had been great, some of the duke's troops had not been engaged at all, and all were full of heart and of confidence in their great leader."

Lord F. Somerset's heavy brigade of cavalry having made its annihilating charge, there was a pause in the battle; and it was about seven o'clock in the evening when artillery was heard at a distance, and a staff officer reported to the Duke that the head of a Prussian column was already coming in sight. Very shortly after, Bulow's corps, advancing upon La Belle Alliance, began to engage the French right. And now was the short agony for Buonaparte. He called forward his guard, which he had kept in reserve for a last desperate effort. He led it forward, in person, to the foot of our position; but then he turned aside, and took shelter behind some swelling ground. The guard moved onward, looking on Buonaparte as they passed him. "*Morituri te salutant!*" He ought to have gone on with it, and to have died with it; but he neither headed it nor followed it; nor did he, during any part of this day, expose his person freely in the *mêlée* of battle, as he had done in the spring of 1814 in the battles of Craonne, Arcis-sur-Aube, and in other affairs on French ground. Ney went on with that great forlorn hope, and, unluckily for himself, was not killed. The guard advanced in two massy columns, leaving only four battalions of the old guard in reserve, near to the sheltered spot where Buonaparte sat on his horse, sallow, rigid, and fixed, like a mummy. The guards moved resolutely on, with supported arms, under a destructive fire from our position. They were met by General Maitland's brigade of English guards, and General Adam's brigade, which

were rapidly moved from the right by the Duke of Wellington in person, who formed them four deep, and flanked their line with artillery. That the Duke, on first moving them from some cover under which they had been screened, shouted out, "Up! guards, and at them!" is now recognised as a fable. His Grace never did anything theatrically, and never used any such language to his troops. An aide-de-camp gave the order in the usual quiet manner; the officers in command of our guards obeyed the order, under the eye of their great chief, and the Duke advanced with the guards over the brow of the low hill, and then stood to meet the last charge. When within fifty yards from the line of the English guards, the French guards attempted to deploy; but the close fire upon them was too terrible; their flanks were enveloped, they got mixed together in a confused mass, and in that condition they were slaughtered, broken, and driven down the slope of the

for the halt and bivouac of his own fatigued troops, and handed over the task of further pursuit to the Prussians. Blucher swore that he would follow up the French with his last horse and his last man. He started off immediately with two Prussian corps, who began the chase with the encouragement of three cheers from the English army.

The immediate result of the battle of Waterloo was, as is well known, the utter and irretrievable overthrow of the French empire, and the restoration of the Bourbons. For many days after that fatal field, the hosts of the allied armies poured into Paris in one unbroken line, amidst the acclamations of the most fickle population on earth. Those wild tribes from the banks of the Don, beneath whose remorseless swords so many of the best and bravest of France had expiated the rash ambition of their chief, were hailed as saviours and deliverers by the same bourgeoisie which now



THE FUNERAL CAR.

hill. There was no more fighting; that Grand Army of Buonaparte—the last of all, and the most desperate of all—never again stood, nor attempted to rally; all the rest of the work was headlong, unresisted pursuit; slaughter of fugitives, who had entirely lost their military formations; and capture of prisoners, artillery, and spoils. The army was destroyed, as an army, before the pursuit began. If it had not been so, the Prussians could not possibly have found the pursuit such easy work. In flying, Buonaparte and his guards left about 150 pieces of cannon in the hands of the English. Before that flight began, Blucher had been for a time hotly engaged at Planchenois. At a farm-house called "Maison Rouge," or "Maison du Roi," at a short distance behind Planchenois and the farm of La Belle Alliance, the Duke and the Marshal met, and Blucher, in the manner of the continent, embraced and hugged his victorious partner. Here Wellington gave orders

calls the heir and nephew of the emperor, the "Messiah of the Second of December." The dethroned emperor fled in dismay to the coast, amidst the threats and execrations of those whom he had made childless and fatherless, but who, with unexampled infatuation, had, up to the moment of his downfall, hailed him with acclamation. He sought refuge on board an English vessel, but only found a prison. In a few days afterwards he took his last look at France across the heavy rolling billows of the Bay of Biscay, with the flag which it had been the ambition of his life to subdue waving proudly above his head. The world knows his fate. A few years of peevish exile—quarrelling with his keepers—quarrelling with his servants—discontented with himself, and he, upon whom the eyes of the whole globe had for twenty years been fixed in fear, hatred, or admiration, passed away, without leaving behind any other relic of his greatness than the empty glory of a name.





FUNERAL PROCESSION OF THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, NOV. 18, 1852.

